OF OREAT IMPORTANCE. A Consular Report that Tells How the French Raise Their Favorite Vegetable-The Carrieres, the Necessity of "Gop-tage," and Other Secrets of the Trade, "Gop. There appears to be no good reason why the surculent and nutritious mushroom should not be produced as extensively in the United States as in Europe. But although the American taste for this vegetable has steadily in-

creased in the last few years, the artificial product on of mushrooms in this country has not kept pace with the demand. Yet the best authorities say the mushroom can be raised in any climate and at all seasons of the year. In mest of cur large cities the demand for it has become one of importance to dealers and Very few native Americans really know what the mushroom is in its best formnicked at the proper age and prepared by a

The best mushrooms in the world ere probproduced in France, Nearly \$8,000,000 capital is employed in and about Paris alone to this industry; besides yast quantities are produced at Nantos, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and other large cities. In a recent report Mr. Reavel Savage, the United States Consul at Nantee, France, furnishes our State Department at Washington with some valuable facts concerning the cultivation and consumption the mushroom, the salient features of which may prove interesting. Mr. Savage says: "The mushroom is a mystery. Nobody knows much about it, but everybody in France knows that it can be made to grow in any quantity desired." The French people are so fond of mushrooms, and raising them is so profitable, that very few Frenchmen are so peer that they cannot have their beloved vegethole. The variety of mushrooms is infinite. Some are so small that they cannot be seen with the naked eye, and some are so large that they are virtually vegetable beefsteaks. They are a mystery, because some varieties have distinetly defined sexual characteristics, and some of ere apparently have none at all: some will grow only out of decaying animal or vegetahis matter, while others thrive only as paraafter of plants, which they eventually destroy,

When the French began to make beds for their melons, they noticed that I rge numbers of mushrooms would sudden'y appear on the little mound. These were as profitable as the meions, if not more so, but they could not be certain of a crep, and not until Henriot and Legrin investigated the matter did they know whether a mushroom would appear. These two scientists, followed by Bernaudot, Prique, Gérard, Parre, Burin, and others, spent long a d laborious years in experimenting, and at length discovered in part the conditions under which it pleased the vegetable aphing to grow. The result is a consumption of mushrooms in France which is simply tremendous, and the consequent increased happiness and profit of

The mushroom loves a place that is cool, camp, and dark, or at least it does not seek the sunshine, and light has a decided effect on its color. If the sunlight reaches it its head or one will be readish brown, but allowed to grow in darkness, especially in caves, it will be white, fat, and doubly nutritious. It is for this reason that the mushroom is almost invariably cultivated in subterranean excavations throughout France.

The cut herewith will better illustrate the appearance of one of these "carrières," or



partment of the Seine alone there are over 1,000 of these caves, and in them live about 390 people, who rarely see the daylight. The descent into these caves is by way of rope ladders. The manure, which is mixed with the damp earth in making the beds for the spawn, is simply dumped down the months of the caves. The galleries lead in all directions, and are usually from about 2.67 to 9.84 feet high. But unless the ceiling is at least 4.92 feet high the work of spreading the manure is difficult and very fatiguing. Sometimes the cellings are so low that the men can only work in a kneeling posture, and as they must carry miners' lamps in their caps. thay are almost stifled. There is absolutely no necessity of enything of this sort, and it is indeed poor economy.

These caves are generally exhausted stone quarries. They rent for from \$28.05 to \$115.80 per annum. They must be provided against any sudden change of temperature. More over, it is highly important that the air currents move in the same direction. This should se from north to south, and nev r more than slightly appreciable. The temperature should ne about 48° F. to produce the best results.

The success of the mushroom grower de pends upon these elements and upon the quality of the manure composing his beds. The choice of stables from which to take the manure is a matter of vital importance. Those borses which are hard worked but well fed produce the best manure for beds, but their mod must be rather of the dry kind-oats, hay, &c.-than otherwise. The Paris omnibus horses produce the best; their droppings, being strongly impregnated with azote acid, ammonia, and phosphorus, naturally tend to ready fermentation. The dung of animals nour ished on green vegetable matter is utterly worthless for mushroom raising, being too eatery; that of carriage horses is not much better. Only the droppings of heavy draught horses should be used. Economy in the quality of the manure for the beds simply mean ruin to the mushroom grower.

The making of the beds is a very important matter; it is of even greater importance, if possible, than the temperature and air currents A very dry and clean place near the mouth of the cave should be selected a place where water can be obtained easily. The requisite quantity of manure having been dumped here, it should be allowed to lie for several days, after which the beds should be spread, as in the illustration. One cubic metre (35.316 cubic feet) of manure spread in this manner gives about the length of 32.81 feet, and If it be found desirable to place the manure in little piles, one wheelbarrowful is enough for each. The smallest beds made in France are 16 feet long, 13 feet wide, and 2.07 feet high. In making these beds the manure must be thoroughly worked. Any matter foreign to the manure should be thrown aside. These beds at dirst are about 3.28 feet high, but the beating and pressing into form finally give them a height of 2.67 feet. When this height is reached, they should be "combed" with a rake, so that every particle of foreign matter may be removed. Then they should not be disturbed in any way for at least six or seven days. In working the manure, if it be found not dry to mix weel, it should be watered, using an ordinary sprinkler. It will not do to turn a hose on it.

At the cid of seven days the beds are again the illustration. One cubic metre (35.316

an ordinary sprinkler. It will not do to turn a hose on it.

At the end of seven days the beds are again worked and watered carefully, raising them once more to the height of 1.78 feet. No tast of the beds should be more model than another. In a word, the beds are remade, "recombed," &c., and then again allowed to rest a week.

At the end of a second seven days that is to say, two weeks from the beckmaing of the work of the beds will be 3.3 feet high. The surface will be brown and formentation very active. The manure will have lest its eriginal color. The mirrior of the bed will be deep brown in color, with white spats indicating where formentation was most active. At this stage precisely the same browns must be gone through with as in the first turning, and the mass must be allowed to rest three days. It should then be soft to the touch, but leave no trace of moisture on the haid.

The beds should be about 19.60 inches at their base, with an incline of from 11.81 to 18.75 inches toward the ages. The distance between them should be about 9.84 inches nooth with the mand. For this work men are paid in France \$1.75 nor day.

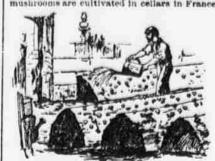
There is very little more to be said about the

MUSHROOMS IN FRANCE, of the cones, two turnings, time, &c., are the of the cones, two turnings, time, &c., are the same as in the "carribres," or caves.

The temperature in both caves and cellars must be watched, and it will not do to plant the blanc or spawn if the formentation be too active. The first heat must always be allowed to pass off. When the beds show signs of drying they should be evenly watered or aprinkled; the first he aprinkler the better the result. The best cellars are the despest, with high cellings.

Forty days after the blanc or spawn has been evenly planted over the beds the mush recome will appear, and comes or beds prepared as above directed will produce a continuous crop for three months, provided the holes left by the extracting of the mushrooms are filled axin and patted over, but not otherwise.

This illustration will give an idea of how mushrooms are cultivated in cellars in France.



The seed, spawn, or blane is usually supplied by market gardeners in France. It is sold in the shape of a brick or cake. These gardeners get it from their old meion beds. If kept in a dry, ventilated place it will not spoil for several years. There are three methods of procuring the spawn:

By the first method, between April and September, cut a ditch along the base of a wail that has an eastern exposure. This ditch should be 24.9 inches wide and 20 inches deep. This length is determined by the quantity of spawn it is desired to produce. Having first prepared five or six wheelbarrowsful of manure as above directed, and being sure that the first heat of fermentation has passed off, mix it with one fourth its volume of short-cut into straw, say of the length of two inches. This is to give colusion to the bricks when they are cut out. Then suread wheat chaff over the britom of the ditch evenly to the depth of 6.3 for his; then spread the prepared manure over this to a lenth of d inches; then sprinkle the beit lightly; then alternate with wheat chaff and impact in manure, sprinkling lightly each time of an inches must ton be shaped no confect form, as shown in the illustration of overflowing. The mass must tree be shaped no confect form, as shown in the illustration of the mass. It is ripe it will preent spongeous flaments of a blush color, exhaling a strong odor of mushrooms. If it be not ripe, allow three or four weeks to pass before reopening the mound. That bed should be so olanted that it will ripen before frost. On opening, all parts of the mound having a dark brown color must be thrown away. This "spawn" will not reproduce, but will spoil the rest; decomposition has set in. If the bed is ripe, cut the miss into bricks. Put these into, a dry, cool place at once. Do not pile one upon the other; do not let them touch. In the foregoing method the spawn has formed spontaneously. The second method is that usually followed by growers, and the germs devolution has been and in the first own of procuring and surface o

If the above instructions are followed, success is almost suce.

Having produced the spawn and prepared the bels, there remains little to do except to plant the bricks. Place two rows on each side of the bed, each brick being cight inches distant from the other, and the second row the same distance above the first, on each side of the bed.

of the bed.

Io planting, scoop out the surface of the bed to the size of the brick and to the depth of about 1% inches. Press the brick into this aperture and cover it with the mixture scooped out, patting it gently with the hand.

The bed must be neither too hot (from fermentation) nor too cool when the bricks are planted. A good time to plant is about the land, the after making the bed, but some

The bed must be neither too hot (from fermentation) nor too cool when the bricks are planted. A good time to plant it about the seventh day after making the bed, but sometimes even two weeks will be required to secure the proper temperature. Only experience can guide here. Mushroom growers generally decide by the amount of moisture left on the hand by touching the bed. There should be no more than a gentle warmth at the time of planting the bricks.

If in the brick there is any appearance of verligris, it must be thrown away; it will produce a poisonous mushroom. The filaments must be bluish white no other color.

The bricks must not be cut too thick. Very thick bricks simply waste the snawn, and produce what is called a "rock." The upper layer of mushrooms develops quite well, but the others are suffocated. Several days after planting the bricks the filaments will push to the surface and cover the mound. The entire bed will take on a bluish white appearance.

Now is the time to gooder the bed. This is a slang word used by the mushroom growers, but there is no other expression for the process. It means giving the bed a cover of 0.78 linch of prepared earth. In the stone quarries the refuse of the cuttings is sifted and the finer part is called housin. This is mixed thoroughly with light earth in the proportion of one part of earth to three of the housin. This instruce is sprinkled until it is sufficiently moist to retain the imprint of the hand. Then, with the aid of a smooth wooden shovel, the bed is covered to the depth of 0.7 linch with this naste, patted lightly to make it address after which it is sprinkled, not soaked. Nothing more must be done until the day following, when the bed is again beaten with the back of the wooden shovel. the wooden shovel



The work is now finished. Nothing more can be done except to watch the best and water it if it shows signs of becoming too dry. Forty days after the popular the first meahrooms will appear. The action of the besteron is due to the salts of nine or saltpetre. rake, so that every particle of foreign matter may be removed. Then they should not be disturbed in any way for at least six or seven days. In worsing the manure, if it be found an ordinary sprinkler. It will not do turn a heae on it.

At the end of seven days the beds are again worked and watered carefully, raising them once more to the height of 1.25 feet. No nare of the beds should emore most than another. It will not do to turn once more to the height of 1.25 feet. No nare of the beds should emore most than another in a word, the beds are semade, "recombed," At the end of a second seven days that is to ay, two weeks from the leachining of the work the besself of a second days that is to ay, two weeks from the leachining of the work the besself of the beds are semanted. The surface will be known and formentation very active. The manure will have lead will be down brown in color, with white spots fulficuling where for menution was most active. At this stage precisely the same traces and the last turning, and the mass must be gone through the holes of the bed will be about 19.69 inches at their base, with an incline of from 11.81 to 13.15 inches toward the apex. The distance between them should be about 19.69 inches at their base, with an incline of from 11.81 to 13.15 inches toward the apex. The distance between them should be about 19.69 inches at in frazze \$1.15 tor day.

There is very little more to be said about the cultivation of mushrooms in cellars. Here each cone should have a hase of about 23.62 inches, and the last and a height of about 23.62 inches, and the hading in the holes and nathing the every life of the mushroom depends that the very life of the mushroom

upon a good supply of saltpetre, and, acting on this, growers have been able to secure a good crop at all seasons without the use of manure. The method is as follows: Take one metre cube of old plaster and break it up into pieces about the size of hazel nurs; moisten the mass and put in the cave or cellar. Form an embankment against the wall 25.08 inches wide at the base and 23.00 inches high, and smooth the surface with the hand. Place the bricks in the position above indicated, the first row being 7.87 inches above the base. Cover this with sand from a river or stream 0.157 inch. The sand should be perfectly fresh and clean, but not too moist. As soon as the sand has dried perfectly, sprinkle it with a solution composed of 125 grams of saltpetre to 10 liters of water; sprinkle lightly. At the end of about forty days the crop of nushrooms will appear. This method is very inexpensive and the production continuous.

of water; sprinkie lightly. At the end of about forty days the crop of mushrooms will appear. This method is very inexpensive and the production continuous.

A mishroom is ready for market when it has attained the sire of a silver 25-cent piece—that is to say, its hood. From that size up to boods the size of a dollar are in enormous demand. The best crooks do not care for larger ones. This does not apply to the "cèpes," which are frequently as large and thick as a man's hand—the larger the better. In the caves the mushrooms are gathered at 1. A. M., and two hours after are on the stalls of the market. In plucking, care must be had not to tear away from the bed the very young mushrooms at the roots of the one that is ripe. Fill the hole left and gently pat it smooth; new roots will at once replace the ones torn out. Mushrooms raised in the open should be gathered after sunset. The fresher the mushroom the greater the aroma and flavor. Mr. Savage says it is of the utmost impertance to selze upon the proper moment for clucking if the mushroom is to be placed upon the market. Do not wait until the hood is expanded like an umbrelia; if this be allowed the plant is worthless as an article of merchandise. Moreover, it is very indigestible. The mushroom at the left in the accompanying illustration has attained the proper degree of maturity for plucking.



This observant Consul says the annual crot of mushrooms in France is valued at over \$2,000,000. The wholesale price to dealers is from \$22 to \$25 for 220,40 pounds. In Paris alone there are sixty wholesale firms dealing exclusively in mushrooms. Nearly all the small white mushrooms grown in France are cuitivated artificially, and grown in caves or

cultivated artificially, and grown in caves of quarries.

The mushrooms of the cultivated description may be obtained in the markets of France at any season of the year, perfectly fresh from their beds. They are sold at about 14 cents per pound. They are as easily and cheaply within reach of every well-to-do citizen of the chief American cities, if not the lesser centres of population. Mr. Savage is of the opinion that the French cultivated mushrooms are superfor to the American for canning purposes, principally because they possess a better appearance of them are them as them as them are them are them as them are the them are the them are them are the them cipally because they possess a better appearance, though he does not compare them as to quality and flavor. They are bail-shaped, the upper portion describing a circle until its roof touches the stalk, whereas the American mushrooms are flat at the top, as he says, exposing a corrugated surface underneath.

CHIMMIE IN VARIOUS TROUBLES He Assists in Buncoing His Whiskers, and Assumes Official Cares,

"Say, you know dat his Whiskers has money t' burn-but he ain't dead stuck on burning it. Dat goes wid everyhody cept Miss Fannie. She can puil his leg till it looks like a telescope, and he never screams, but if anybody else tries t' get a rise outter him on de boodle lay dey runs up agen de hardest game of dere lives. You remember dat widdy I was telling you 'bout; de one what put up de front t' win his Whiskers when I gives her de trun down on de job Mr. Paul puts up? dat's de one; de one Mr. Paul calls de 'Wiley

"Weil, she tried t' break into our game de dder day, and she did set in de game a while, She touched his Whiskers, and he tried to run like a cable car around a curve. to our place on de Sound, and de widdy p vis'ting some folks what lives near us, and de odder day she drives up in a carr wid more style dan de Queen of Ireland, and fluffs in

de house like a buil pup chasing its own tail.
"Say, Miss Fannie is kinder leary of de widdy since dat time de widdy tried t' land his Whis kers, but most folks never can't tell from Miss Fannie's ways when she's dead sore. She never can't have only fine ways wid her Dat's de way she was bred, and since I knowed her I nearly tinks a woman shows good breed ing most as much as a bull pup. But I can tell when she's sore, cause I cops Miss Fannie so close all de time I tink I could tell if de kid had stubbed its too just by looking at Miss Fannie de next day.

Miss Fannie was dead leary of her, dough dev kissed each odder like dey was tickled t' deat t meet. 'You're just in time for tea, my dear, says Miss Fannie; and she tells me t' tell Per kins, de butler, t' fetch de tea fixings, what dey always has 'bout 5 o'clock in de afternoon. Well, I chases Perky in, what was jollying de cook when I found him, and den Miss Fan nie tells me t' go over t' de yacht club house and fetch his Whickers, Mr. Burton, and Mr. Paul. what was over dere jawing everlasting bout oad water line, which Mr. Paul says would int'rest him more if it was load bottle line. "When I tells em who had come Mr. Paul

says he knowed what was de widdy's game He said dat she was de President of de Pepsin Coterie, which I don't know what dat lang wudge means, only dat it is a club what learns oor folks how t' cook grub right. Dev start ed it down our way cause dere ain't no poor folks dere; so dev has all de fun of de ting widout being boddered wid de poor. Dat's right. Dat's what I heard Mr. Paul say while I was fetching em. "Dey hadn't been long at dere tea before

ets a chance t' go in where de folks was, and was just in time. De widdy was just laying out her bunco game. 'We has a club,' she was saving, 'for de improving of de cooking of de poor, and I was going to allow you t' put your name down for a little inscription.' Mr. Paul he takes de inscription book and he looks at it like he taut it might bite him, or go off, and den he says. 'If dis was for de improvement of poor cooks stid of for de cooking of de poor, I'd blow in a tousand,' he says, 'But, as it is. I'll have t' satisfy me pride

wid only a hundred, says he, and he scribbles in de book, and winks at Mr. Burton, and gives me de book t' pass t' Mr. Burton. When he done it I seen dat what he had inscribed dere was only ten plunks, not a hundred. I didn't tumble t' de game, but Mr. Burton did, and he kinder grinned behind his moustache, and be says: 'Yes,' says he, 'I tinks a handred is enough,' and he scribbles in de dinky book, too. "Den I tumbled, 'cause I seen dat his Whiskers was getting cold feet terrible, and looked like he'd jump de game if he had a chance, but he never had no chance. De widdy she smiles on him sweet as honey wid engar on de side, and she says to his Whiskers, says she, 'I couldn't ask you t' do more dan de odder gents has did, and I knows you

wouldn't do less." "Say, his Whiskers looked like he'd like t" set de bull pup on de widdy-and de bull pup was looking like he'd like t' be set when Mr. Paul and Mr. Burton says, like dey was plead ing innecent in de Tembe, 'Oh, of course not. Mr. Van Courtlandt-dut's his Wilskers would feel insulted if you ast him for less dan a hundred.' Miss Faunte, she seen dat de gents was 'aving some sort of a jolly, and she says, 'Oh, of course,' says she, 'of course,' Well, Mr. Burton gives me de book t' pass t' his Whiskers, and I turned over de page so he couldn't see what dey had writ down, and

gee, he inscribes a hundred, and hands de widdy over de long green like he hoped it would poison her.
"I taut Mr. Burton would bust himself trying not a laugh, but Mr. Paul, he says, solemn like, 'A hundred I tinks just de proper limit, but not having dat sum in me jeans I only writ down ten.' and he chips in ten t'

""'Me, too, says Mr. Burton, and he chips

in his ten, and den his Whiskers turns back de page in de inscription book, and when he seen dat de page wasn't near filled up, and dat de odder gents had only writ down ten each, he gives me a look for turning over de page. and he coughs and he turns red, and den he says, 'Chames, you are not wanted here for

anyting more,' so I chares. "But I laid for de widdy. When she sent out for her cart. I told de coachman I'd take It round t' de front of de house for her, and I done it. I was trying t' tink how I could touch her for some of dat cooking boodle, cause I'm a pretty poor cook merelf, and I taut some of it belonged t' me on de level. When handed her in de cart, I touches me hat and says as perlite as a actor, I says, 'If you don't and all de poor cooks you're looking for down

here. I'm a pretty bad one meself." "De widdy pipes me off wid her eyes kinder half shut, and she says, 'I tink you are a pretty bad young man.

" 'Me bad!' I says, looking as sprised as little Miss Fannie when she sticks her fingers in her own eye stid of de buil pup's, 'Bad' Didn't I help Mr. Paul bunco his Whiskers outer a hundred for you?'
"'Dat isn't de first bunco game you has been

in,' she says, and I says, 'What t'ell,' I says "Den she says dat she taut I was de mug his Whiskers found her wid in de conser tory de time of de fancy dressed ball, and she says, Chames, I wouldn't mind giving you one of dese ten dollar bills if you will tell me who t was dat put up dat job on me."

"Say, I told her dat it was easy money, and she passed me de ten, and says, 'Weil, who

"I made like I was going t' tell her, but stid of dat I sticks a pin in her pony's leg, and de pony ran half a mile before she could pull it up, and den I chased in de house.

'Dat's de way I happened t' have de good long green t' fetch de Duchess in t' town dat night, t' de ball of de Roseleaf Social Outing and Life Saving Club. I noticed dat de Duchess was dead keen t' co; she didn't even try t' make me cough up de tenner de widdy give me, she was so kien. I didn't tumble what was up den, but I tumbled hard later.

"You see, Miss Fannie says t' me de odder day, 'Chames,' she says, 'have de bicycles cleaned and fixed up, cause de roads will soon be good enough for a run, and we all needs de exercise after Lent." 'Say, I don't just cap dat Lent was just tru.

I asked Mr. Paul what it was, and he taut a while, and den he says, 'Char es, Lent is a time beginning wid Ash Wednesday and ending on Easter Sunday, when swell mugs can do what dev wants, stid of what dere neighbors wants.

"Well, I was telling you. Miss Fannie said she'd chase horself out on a wheel soon as de country roads was fit, and so de Duchess she had t' get busy and fix up Miss Fannie's close Dat's what caused de trouble for t' wheel in. Getting out Miss Fannic's wheel closes made de Duchess tink of her own dinky wheel close, what made her look like a circus rider, what I was telling you about de time de buil histed me over de fence. Say, de Duchess ain't so worse, only she gets nutty bout her close onct In a while, and does de craziest tings you ever

"When de Duchess ast Mise Fannie could we come in town she says yes, and we would have t' fetch a bundle of tings she was wanting t' send in t' Mrs. Murphy, what's anodder kind of widdy what lives down where I uster live, what Miss Fannie sends tea and dinky

"Well, when we started, de Duchess looked all right, cause she had on a long cloak of Miss Fannie's what went all de way down t' her I was kinder wondering at dat, too, cause it was a fancy dressed ball, and I knowed de Duchess never let no chance go by t' dress fancy. I found out all about it when we set t' Mrs. Murphy what was drinking a can of beer and feeling as friendly as a bull pup what is poddy wid grub. 'Shuer,' says she t' de Duchess in dat

brogue of hers, 'shuer, me darlint, and phat koind av a dhress have yez on youer foine figure?' she says, giving de Duchess de blarney illy. Dat settled it. You can blarney Duchess outter anyting cent boodle, and she

"Say, I dropped dead, and Mrs. Murphy creamed murder wid joy. What do you tink dat coil had done? She had took dat circus bleyele suit of hers I was telling you of, and made it more circuser den before, and dere she stood in it in Mrs. Murphy's room, looking like one of dose bill posters what is posted on de bill

" 'Shuer, darlint, you'll take deh fursht proise, and be elected t' lade deh grand ma-arch wid Chimmie be youer soide, screamed Mrs. Murphy, when she could talk

'Chimmie will not be by her side,' I says, he'll be outside if de Duchess goes in dat dinky

make-up. "But I went all right. Are you married? Den you knows how it is. I just went.
"Well, you otter seed de Roselenfers. Dey

did worse dan elect de Duchess t' lead de grand march: dey elected me President of de club on de spot and by magnanimous accusation. Sure! Dat's right. Dey said a mug what brung as one a fairy as de Duchess dere was too good for de Vice, so dey made me President, and I had t' blow de whole gang off t' beer, which is why it's lucky I touched de wiley widdy for de EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

MONSTER SAWFISH,

Weighting 625 Pounds, Caught with Red and Reel.

From the Tropical News. One of the most wonderful catches ever made ith the rod and reel was accomplished by Mr. N. M. George of Danbury, Conn., on Friday ast. He was fishing for tarpon at Nigger Head, a few miles down the river, with A. F. tionzalez as guide, when he got a strike. It did not take long guide, when he got a strike. It did not take long to ascertain that the game was even higger than the Silver King, and Mr. George settled down to give the fellow battle. The fish soon came to the surface. He was a monster sawfish, and he slashed his saw about in the water at a great rate. Mr. George handled the fish most sailfully, and proved that he is a thorough expert in the use of rod and reel. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes, when the same tuny, and proven that he is a 'morough expert in the use of rod and ree. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes, when the sawlish was brought to the gail and killed. He measured 14 feet 8 inches in length and weighed 625 pounds. His saw was so inches in length and 5 in width, and his flippers measured 50 inches. This gives Mr. George the record on the Calousahatchee for the largest sawlish ever caught with rod and reel. Mr. George says he deesn't care to tackle another, and this is the conclusion of all the noted experts who have ever played a sawlish. This may read like agreat fish story to people who know little of the great fishing on the Calousahatchee River, but the facts as given are absolutely correct. The gentlemen who come here from all parts of the world to catch tarpen are genuine sporteness, and would scorn to have an incorrect record made of any of their catches, which are all made with rods and reels. catches, which are all made with rods and reels.

"Mr. George is my nephew," said ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower yesterday, " and therefore any fish stories concerning him are the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, a'help'm."

Ice Skating a Novelty of Springtime. Those who visited the St. Nicholas Club since the spring has set in with more than gentle warmth have enjoyed fee skating in set out on a skating trib when the red ball is up in Central Paris, the temperature down to zero, and the ground holden under lanks of snow. The introduction of artificial ice has changed the old order of things. No matter how warm the day, the ice is kept hard by the freezing mixture passed through the pipes beneath the surface.

A visit, if promptles mergins. spite of the heat. Usually New Yorkers only

the surface, it if prompted merely by curlosity, is made after a detuur through Central which is only a block away from the bloom on the magnolias, and the issums in the focus and fully beds, brilliant coloring and the green of gay blossems in the crocus and tulip beds, make a brilliant coloring amid the green of the rouding leaves, and the twittering of birds is heard in every tree. To leave these approach the series of the surgests seeking comfort in a cold-storage vault. But the reality is very different. The sheet of he is cut up by the dying states into a white aurface that resembles show, and, so a fixed of light women decked out with bunches of violets and men with flowers on their coats are twirling in grape-size in whists or swaying gracefully in the flutch roll.

It is a spring speciate new this season to New Yorkers, although an old story at London and Paris. There the ribas are kept onen through ut the animal, but in this city, where the dest is more appreciate, no attempt will be made to continue skating after May I. A DAY WITH MME. CALVÉ.

WOMEN AND GIRLS ARE SLAVES OF THE GAY SONGSTRESS

Mer Rooms a Flower Garden-Her Good Nature Taxed by Autograph Flends, Collectors of Souvenirs, and Girls With and Without Voters - Her Bettgtous Views-Her Novel Biegele Course, "A man with shoes for Mmc. Calve," an-

nounced the bell boy.
"Tell him to wait a little while till madame comes in," said Mme. Guy d'Hardelot, and she

sank into a chair and sighed.
"That is the way it is from morning till night," said Mme. d'Hardelot, who is Calvô's secretary. "It seems to me it must keep one bell boy busy simply coming and going to and from these apartments."

"And how does Caive enjoy it?" "Oh, I try to keep people away from her, otherwise it would wear her out. She doesn't speak English and that is a protection to her." "Doesn't she care to learn?"

"She doesn't seem to. I've tried to teach her, but she won't take any interest in it. She sang an English song the other day, however. It was one of my songs which I had taught her, and she sung it at my concert at the Waldorf. Right in the middle of it (I was playing the accompaniment) I felt some one give me an emphatic dig. It was Calvé. She had forgotten a word and wanted me to whisper it to her, which did, to the open amusement of everybody present."

"Apropos of the man with the shoes," said the reporter, "has Calvé done much shopping in

"Oh, yes, she has bought a good many things When she sees anything she likes, that settles it. She buys it immediately. But she is not extravagant. Pretty clothes? Yes, indeed, she likes them, but she cares very little for jewelry and things of that cort. She will be as pleased as a child over any little gift from a friend, but she does not receive jewels from her stage admirers. She accepts nothing but flowers, but as for them, her apartments are like a great flower garden. And it is the young girls who send most of them. They adore her: They seize every opportunity to see her, and if she but gives them one smile, they are enraptured, For some reason Calvé does not seem to be the sort of a woman who infatuates men; at any

rate, not across the footlights.
"Speaking of jewelry, she likes to have little things in odd designs. She will sit down and amuse herself by drawing intricate triangles and circles, and then have a goldsmith copy her designs. She likes old pieces of jewelry, and is a rifle superstitious, too, and always wears a fourleaved clover in some shape. But her greatest fondness is for books. Oh, Calvé is not a butterfly! She reads much and carefully, and she is particularly fond of scientific books. Ob, yes, it is true !" as the reporter uttered an exciamation

of incredulity.
"She studies every phase of a rôle, too. I remember, when she was to sing in "Faust," she took Goethe's book, and for a week she was scarcely separated from it. She is well read, is Calvé, and intelligent, too. Religious? Yes, extremely so. She has no patience with unbelevers and always tries to convert them. She is a Roman Catholic, but has a good many Buddhist theories about reincarnation. As soon as she sees a person she begins to theorize about what that person has been in a previous existence. She says I was a horse, because I am so

energetic and so passionately fond of horses."
"And what does she think she was herself?" "Let me see. She says different things at different times according to her mood. I must ask her when she comes in. I think she was a swallow. She has eyes like a swallow and the swiftness and grace of a swallow, and she has the swallow's warble-do you know it? Deep, low notes, and then higher, head tones. She herself says she must have been a bird once, because she has that longing for flight." "Does she ride?"

"No, but we walk on Riverside Drive about an hour every morning. She loves to walk. Andoh yes; she loves the snow and to snowball. In the winter when we took our walks together she would pick the snow right up with her gloved hands and throw it at me with all the

she would pick the snow right up with her gloved hands and throw it at me with all the fun and frolicsomeness of a child. She is like a child gay, capricious, lovable. She is in the clouds one minute and in the depths the next. It would be trying in any one cise, but in her it is fascinating. She has such a tremendous magnetic force. When she smiles you would do anything in the world for her.

"And she is good natured, too, You would say so if you knew how many hundred times she has written her name for autograph hunters and how many photographs she has signed. Oh, those photographs! They are so annoying, for people send them without envelopes, and then we have to wrap them up and the them and -oh, dear! It is the work of two people, I do assure you, just to attend to madathe scorrespondence.

"And then the visitors! People come on all sorts of pretexts. You would be astenished if you know how many girls come asking Mme. Caivé to try their voices. We had three last Sunday. You see when they come with letters of introduction we cannot refuse, and then, cannot measure the same how many girls come on the consentimes, they send up such pitful little notes that madame hasn't the heart to refuse. Generally, however, she turns them over to me? and Mme. C'liardelot threw up her hands in more despair. "One day I went down to see a girl who had sent up her card, and what do you think she wanted? She wanted to know if Mme. Celvé thought that Abbey and Grau would send her abrasal and pay for her musical education during three years if, in return, she would give them her services free for one year at the close of her studies.

"Have you any aptitude for the stage? I asked her.

"I don't know."

asked her.

"I don't know."

"I don't know."

"Now, think of that." exclaimed Mme.
d' Hardelot in a tone of piteous appeal.

At that moment the bell boy knocked again.
He had a tray full of letters. They contained, almost without exception, requests for some favor. "Would Mme. Calvé be so good as to write her name on the enclosed card? Would Mme. Calvé sign the accompanying picture? Would Mme. Calvé send the writer,a bit of the gown worn in Comme? Would Mme. Calvé iet a struggling young musician come and play for her? Would Mme. Calvé iet a struggling young musician come and play for her? Would Mme. Calvé, who felt within her the invincible purpose to succeed, slog for her? Would Mme. Calvé, who fall won so many hearts and so many dollars in New York, consent to appear h and of one of the noblest chariftee, &c. Would Mme. Calvé give an interview to a correspondent of the hand Rebash? Would Mme. Calvé call and see the choice associment of this, that, and the other? There were dressmakers' circulars and bicycle circulars and communications from the manicurist and the chrispodist. While the availanche was being assated with paper cutter and file, the bell boy's unmistakable knew kagsin came.

communications from the manicurist and the chiropodist. While the avalanche was being assaited with paper cutter and file, the bell boy's unmistakable knock again came.

"What is it now, I wonder?" said Mme, d'Hardelot.

It proved to be the bleycle instructor, who comes every morning, but who rarely gets any further than the door of the outside apartment. He was dismissed as usual, which seemed to be a blow to him, but he probably consided him-self by thinking that the money would be paid just the same as if the lessons had been given. "Has Calvé learned to ride?" asked the re-torter.

rter. "Well, it isn't exactly what you would call rid-

"Well, it isn't exactly what you would call riding," said Mme. d'Hardeiot. "She trus it occasionally, but she says it hurts her back."

"Where does she try it?" a "Here in her rooms. It isn't a good place,"
she admitted, "but she won't go to an academy, because she would be annoyed by speciators. In Chicago they used to let her take her
lessons in the corridors of the hotel, but they
won't allow that here. Idon't think she is
really very entiusiastic about it; but you must
admit that one cannot hieyeds to advantage in
a suite of rooms at a notel."

The reporter had a word picture of Mme.
Calve careering mostly through the spartments,
designar the closirs and solas, knocking over the
brir-hirac, lessing her frantic in tructor in a
collishin with the escritoirs, and tanding finally
in a corner full of violets and roses heaped there
in order to clear the course. And while the reporter was admitting that there might be diffispeared, followed by a yours girl, over whose
arm was thrown a mose of shimmering slik with
black and white lace ruffles. She stopped short
when she saw a stranger.

"Another one who wants to sing?" she said

ack and white lace ruffles. She stopped short ben she saw a stranger.

Another one who wants to sing?" she said quictingly to Mme, d'Hardelot.

"No, no" and the situation was explained.

"Ah, mon diet." exclaited tailet, breaking to a light laugh. "I was going to wish that you ere deal and dumb! Mals what is it you and to know? That I like America? I have residy said it a thousand times. That I amery to go? Eh bien, non., I sm too full of joy the thought of seeing my own country again, at ..." and she amilied with an irresistible form. "I will come back."

Next year?

Ah, I don't know! I hope so! but I have not gued any contract yet. I like to be free as long possible."

And where are you going now?"

as possible.

"And where are you going now?"

"I sail for Southampton next Wednesday on the St. Paul. Ah! I don't like that I am afraid we will have bad luck on that boat! It has ai-

ready been aground twice! And you know there must be a third anoident to break the chain. Eh blen! after Southampton—if we get there—I go direct to Paris, and then I sing in London a week in June. Before that I shall go to some baths, perhaps, to rest. And afterward—afterward to my chatesu for the summer."

The young girl who was carrying Calve's silk petticont watched her with the adorning cycs of an atimal and then bustled around with a little exhibition of her importance. She lives in the hotel, and, it is to be hoped, will not expire of sorrow after Calve goes, though the chances are that she will. She began by sending flowers to the object of her adoration and then accompanied them by aspeals to be permitted to see her life! Now she is often Calve's companion in expeditions to the dressmaker and on other occasions when Mme, d'Hardelot cannot go. There must always be some one to speak English, and this young girl, who makes herselt useful in that way, is the jarandest being in the town—What is it you say that you mus have been when you were allve before?" asked Mine, d'Hardelot as the maid came in to take Calve's hat.

"When I was allye before?" with a puzzled.

"When I was allye before?" with a puzzled.

when you were alive before?" asked Mine. d'Hardelot as the maid came in to take Caive's hat.

"When I was alive before?" with a puzzled look. "Oh yes! I know! I was a bird. I am sure of it. And I wish I were one now! Who could belp wishing it with that in front of one's windows?" and she pointed to the park, which has torned green right under Caive's eyes during the past ten days.

"On, if I were a bird I would—" and she opened out her arms, threw her head back, and drew a long breath.

"But if you were a bird, right now, how would you get back to France?" asked the reporter.

"Cat truit 'cel truit' well, I won't be a bird just yet!" and she sat down and began to run her fingers through the heap of lefters.

"The same old thing?" she said inquiringly to Mms. d'Hardelot, and then the beil boy knocked again and handed in a note.

"Another one to have her voice tried!" the secretary groaned, "And she save sne will sing my songs!"

"Ah, my poor friend!" said Caivé. "Go down

my songs!"
"Ah, my poor friend!" said Caivé. "Go down and see her, that's a dear! and try to dissuade

and see her, that's a dear' and try to dissuade her."
"I'm afraid you'll have to hear her." remarked the secretary, and she read a part of the letter to Calvé.
"Eh blen!" said Calvé with resignation.
"What is it you say? If a bird can sing and won't sing, it must be made to sing. Mon dieu! I shall have to say, if a bird can't sing and will persist in singing, it ought to be—. I won't say it."

persist in singing, it ought to be—. I won't say it."

As the reporter went down with Mme. d'Hardelot the latter smiled reflectively.

"When I take this girl up to see Calvé," she said, "she will make the poor thing her slave for life. She talks the way you have just heard her, but she has the best heart in the world."

HIS HEAD NOT LEVEL.

A Finthead Indian Who Got Dronk, Was Shanghated, and Suffered. From the Washington Post.

After an absence of over a year, John Captain, the son of a chief of the Dwamish or Flathead Indians, yesterday started from this city for his home on the Puyallup Reservation, Puget Sound, Washington. John is about 30 years old, not very intelligent, but he can speak English fairly well.

According to his story, he was shanghaled near Tacoma in March, 1895, and taken on a German sailing vessel. During his absence of thirteen months John was in three foreign countries, was cuffed, kicked, and beaten by the officers and crews of four vessels, and made his escape from one by jumping into the har-bor and swimming ashore in the darkness. Altogether his experiences have been scarcely less thrilling than those which fall to the lot of the hero of a dime nevel.

Thursday night John arrived in this city from Baltimore. He had walked the distance Thursday, and after searching for the officials f the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he went to the Ninth precinct police station, and asked Night Station Keeper Burkhart for lodgings.

The Indian told Burkhart that he was hungry, and had not had any food since early morning. Sergeant Pearson notified the dian Bureau, and was requested to hold the lodger until morning, when an investigation would be made by the officials. Sergeant Pearson took the Indian to a restaurant, gave him a good supper, and he was placed in the lodgers' room until Friday morning, when he was

taken to the Indian Bureau.

There he proved to the satisfaction of Assistant Indian Commissioner Thomas P. Smith that he was an Indian from the Puvallup Reservation. His statements were taken, and John was fitted out with a new suit of clothes. a new hat, and a pair of new shoes, and turned over to Benjamin Beveridge, the proprietor of a boarding house on Third street near Pennsylvania avenue, where he was kept until he was ready to take the train for als home on the

When seen at Beveridge's boarding house John was dressed in his new suit, and seemed very proud of the outfit. He presented a next appearance for an Indian, much different from what he did when he entered the police station Thursday night. Thursday he was barefooted, what remained of his clothes hung to his back in tatters, and John did not even look like a

According to John's story, he attended a dance at a boat house near Tacoma, early in March, 1895. He drank too much "bad drink," when a girl was pouring some whiskey into a glass for him. The whiskey was drugged, and Massess.

I hear these measures sung in the garden, 59 Rue Spontini, Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1895, at n o'clock is the evening, by that most admirable "Stradivarius, Nellie Melba.

Massesst. when John woke from his stupor he found himself on a German safling vessel, about sixty miles from Tacoma, and fully five miles from land. He attempted to jump overboard, but was prevented, and by orders of the Captain was placed in irons. Then began a voyage of nearly five months, which ended when the vessel reached Hamburg, Germany. During the voyage John claims that he was cuffed, beaten, and kicked about and was often locked up be cause he could not do the work that the officers wanted him to do. He was cometimes almost starved, and often when given sufficient rood it

was so bad that he was unable to eat it. At Hamburg John was locked up so that he ould not escape. By the aid of a Swede, who had shipped on the yessel, John secured a key to his prison house, and unlocking the door one dark night escaped the vigilance of his guard. and, slipping over the side of the vessel,dropped

into the harbor and swam ashere.

The Indian worked at a farmhouse cutside of the city for a couple of wacks and then made application to the United States Consul. He received one week's board, \$1 in money, and was assisted by the Consul to get work on a vessel going to Holland. John went to Holland, and from there to Liverpool, where he again visited an American Consul, but received little or no assistance, and was forced to walk to Lonion, where he was more successful in his application to the United States officials. Before reaching London John fell into the hands of the police, but was not held.

The American officials at London placed the Indian on a vessel going to Mobile, Ala. John did not like the treatment he received on the way over, and when Mobile was reached he tried to get some of his ray from the Captain. He was unsuccessful. Hefore the vessel left part John deserted, since which time he had consorted with 'hoboes' in their winter resorts in the South, coming North with them in their annual migration. At Mobile he fell in with a lot of tramps and lough characters, and lead his way to New Orleans on the trucks of a freight car. The New Orleans on the trucks of a freight car. The New Orleans on the trucks of a freight car. The New Orleans police gathered in most of John's new found companions when they reached that city, and the Indian was azain left to shift for himself. He begged about the city for some days, but fear of sharing the fate of his comrades cause' in to seek other resorts. With a couple 6, hoboes' he started to work his way North. In hex cars, in the trucks of passenger trains, sometimes by walking, often helped by farmers who had his companions at last reached Cafre, ill. Here John became serarated from his companions, who went West.

For a few days John rested in that watershed way over, and when Mobile was reached he few dars John rested in that watershed

For a few dars John rested in that watershed of transistom which divides the eastern and western streams of transis, but was drawn into that current of holoes, vanalonds, and worthless characters which carried him with irresistible force to that Mesce of framplom, the Marylani coast. Sometimes he was "on the hog," in the times he and his fellow tramps feasted and had plenty. Sometimes he rode in freight cars; other times he was forced to be on the trucks in the biting celd, and when with no companion he generally walked. He had many encounters with the public and constalles in Ohio, West Virginia, and Maryland, but finally reached Baitimore. From there he followed the track heaten by the hoboes, and came to Washington.

reaches the set of the house, and the track beaten by the house, and fashington.

John Captain is the son of the chief of the ribe, and nothing was known of his wherehouse, either by his people or the Indian ordinals, until he arrived in this city, and the selice notified the Indian Bureau.

Introducing John was fully identified as a lineau John was fully identified as a cans, until he arrived in this city, and the police notified the indian Bureau.

At the Bureau Jahn was fully identified as a Dwanish Indian, and his story is believed to be straight. The money advanced for his transportation, clothes, &c., will be taken from his annual allowance. It is said that the man who kiduacped John was one Quilley, and that he had served time in the penitentiary for the same offence. The Bureau knows nothing of Quigley.

MELBA'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

TRIBUTES PAID TO HER BY ARTISTS

one of Them Explains Why She Is Anxious to Create the Part of Ophelia in Parts— Her Plans for the Summer The Diva Is Learning to Ride a Bleyste. Her Jeweis, Yesterday Melba sailed away from us; sailed with more money than she has carried away in either of her previous engagements, and with a promise to come back next year and get some more. She goes to Paris now, by way of London, and in a few weeks will appear at the tleand Opera as Ophello in Ambroise Thomas's "Ham-The scenery of the opera was burned several years ago, but before Thomas's death he

the part of on belia. If the public could see a certain book which has been lying on Melha's table in her aparts ments at the Savoy Hotel, it would understand why she is especially anxious to keep this

won from Melba the promise that when the

opera should be put on again she would create

The book is about the size of a regular octavo volume and is beautifully bound in tree calf. examisitely decorated by the hand of some skilled. workman. The back is worn and in one place broken, showing the effects of almost constant handling. The leaves inside of these covers are, half of them, perfectly blank! Not so very interesting? No, but the other half are worth more than their weight in gold.

On the very first page is a bar of music from

Romeo and Juliet," and underneath it. In illegible characters, two lines, beneath which the name of Ch. Gouned is written. It is all in the maestro's best hand, and the fact that it is a very bad hand does not take away from the sequimental—and monetary—value of the inscription. On the next page one may real:

To Nellie Melba, my dear friend, and the pupil of my dreams—before she was my iteal artist.

Maring a Maccion.

And then comes a page on which Ambrose Thomas has written a part of the score of 'Hamlet," and at the end of the music the A Madane Nellie Melba, ma charmante Ophelia, souvenirs affectueux. Amnoiss Thomas

Annount Thomas.

And that is one reason why Melba will not forget her promise.

Leaf after leaf one may turn in this almost literally golden book of memory, and on every one find some name which is known the world of art over. For instance:

To the most charming of women, to the most de-licious of artists, and to a voice of pure crystal. My keenest sympathy. Sanan Rassmandt.

Reduct of arrises and to a control of the divine Reenest sympathy.

And what would not the adorers of the divine Paddy give to have the following in their autograph albums:

To Mme. Melba, with his entire homars, both of the artist and of the friend.

The man who knows Parisian life and the galiant tales which are told of a certain famous portrait painter will smile with interest over the following:

The most mortal wounds are made by the lovelless hands.

Canonar Duran.

Near this is a page with a great pink rose done Near this is a page with a great pink rose done in water colors and across the corner the well-known signature, "Madeleine Lemaire."

Then comes the tribute of the man who has divided applance with Melba on many an occasion, and from whom praise of the kind he gives is inestimably valuable. He says:

Nature has endowed you with a voice of gold, post-tictly the most adorable voice of our time. You are a musician, you are a charming woman. All of these qualities may be appreciated by the public, but what I know—I is that you are the best of comrades and that I shall keep an everlasting recollection of our relations, artistic and friendly.

Always count upon your devoted J, DE RESERE.
One can acarcely wonder that this book shows

One can scarcely wonder that this book shows the signs of much handling. Who would not want to dwell upon sentiments such as these of the great tenor, or, indeed, this of a great basso!

To be or not to be:
This question perpicking has been settled by the most charming of women, Mme. Melba, for her devoted LASSALLE. Edouard de Reszke comes in on the next page with an announcement that everything he wanted to say has aiready been said and that consequently all he can do is to say 'ditto' with deep feeling, which he does. Then comes Anton Rubinstein with some bars of music, and Tost with some more, and Arditt, and Jan Van Beers, the artist, and Nordica, Ancona, the Kendals, Mme. Réjane, Saviile, Lola Boeth, in fact aimost every one of the great singers of Greene asks her to remember a jolly day on the Thames.

Greene asks her to remember a jolly day on the Thames.

"I believe in the resurrection of the dead," says Marion Crawford in Latin, but does not aid, what is impuled, that Melba's angelic singing makes him believe it.

One of the most charming things in the book is this from Delibes:

It was at frussels early in the morning, that I, half awade, climbed the stopes which lead to the summit of the Montagne du Parc. Lentered the Hotel de France, where you were staving. I said down at the plane, you arrived and after a shake of the hand and sarvely a word exchanged, you attached this phrase of Lakine" at your entrance.

Then follows several pages of the prayer from Lakine, "transcribed by the hands of the composer, who finally recommences his reminiscence:

— and in a sort of dream theard your ideal voles.

— and in a sort of dream I heard your ideal voice interpreting the invocation, even to the final trill, with a supernatural purity; and this caused me perhaps the keeaset and most delicious impression which I have ever experienced in listening to one of my works.

LEO DEARS.

Could anything be more beautiful than this satisfaction of the composer with his interpreter?
Another charming bit of the same sort is this, following some bars of music:

After this came Emma Thursby and Adamowski and Walter Damrosch and Goring Thomas and a dozen other familiar names. One of the most delicately turned compilments is this one: Not far beyond this page is one with the name of Ellen Terry, and on the next one is the lines

To the incomparable Melba.
HENRY faviso. On the same page are the names of Adelina Patti-Nicolini and Nicolini.

But perhaps as interesting as any of the others is this by Calvé.

Like an angel you sing with your voice divine. Probably no one in the world has a more wonderful collection of testimonials. If only some
freak of fortune could bring Melba face to face
with a manager who did not know her and who
wanted "references," what would happen to the
poor man if she should put this bank into his
hands and tell him to read! It isn't often that
sie does that under any circumstances. She
cherishes her little book, but she doesn't flauns
it, with its compliments, even before her
friends.

That was a great favor," said Melba's manager to the reporter. "I think you are the only representative of the press who has ever seen that book."

The great singer is leading that book."
The great singer is looking forward to an unusually long holiday this year. Sile expects to have a rest of three whole months, and she instends to spend them in Switzerland. She has ends to spend them in Switzerland. She has seen corresponding in regard to various cottages, sut hasn't yet decided on the one she most cants. Hut, once settled, she will gather about ier a circle of her friends, principally English and American, for although Faris is her home he seems to be more en rapport with English makker seconds.

and American. For although Paris is her home she seems to be more on ropport with English speaking people.

Last summer, when Melba was singing at Covent Garden during the opera season, she had a large house at Maideohead, and there were gay house parties, with bouting on the Thames, and coaching, and all the amosements of English country life.

In Paris, Melba has a beautiful apartizont of English country life.

In Paris, Melba has a beautiful apartizont of English country life.

In Paris, Melba has a beautiful apartizont of English country life.

In Paris, Melba has a beautiful apartizont of English country life.

Rue de Prony, near the Farc Monreaux. This quarter of the city has quite a distinguished colony of great painters, singers, writers, and actors. Sarah Hernhardt is one of Melba neighbors: Marchest is another; Détaille is another; Melbaonier lived in the vicinity. Melba has filled her apartments there with photographs of great men and women, and when she travels she carries with her two or three dozen of these pictures, with which she promptly individualizes her hotel quarters wherever she is.

Melba's jewels are famous, especially the long chains, of which she has a great collection, Many of these jewels were gifts to her, and some of them have roval names noon them. The jewel, however, which Melba most prizes is her small boy, who is in school at Paris. Her sister and brother, Miss Mitchell, always travel with her, so that she carries a bit of home life even on her travels.

Melba is learning to ride the negate she admits that much, but she would hot tell where her lessons were taken. A Cheago paper had a story about her riding on the streets of the Windy City, but this she indignantic denies and says she has never been outside of the horse on her which, she melba is excelled the horse on her which, she melba is excelled the horse on her which, she has never been outside of the horse on her which, she has never been outside of the horse and says she has haver been outside of the best on her which. She means to master it th summer, however, and peckaps hext sprit people will have the opportunity of seeing le-spin through the Park on her bike instead of walking through, as she has done this year.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Concerning the Modern Collar Button, and

the Sewed-on Button of Other Days. "The literature of the collar button is volminous," said the middle-rged man, "but it does not begin to equal in bulk that which was inc. The lokes that were written about the ca of the backelors who found his shirts thou buttons or with buttons hanged ming only a thread would failburrels. In fact, the young